AGAINST STATE MILK INSPECTION

RICHMOND PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION AGAINST THROCKMORTON BILL.

RICHMOND, VA.—Special.—The Richmond Milk Producers' Association, which is composed of dairymen of Henrico and Chesterfield counties, at a somewhat spirited meeting Monday afternoon, finally decided, by a majority of one vote, to oppose the Throckmorton milk bill, which vests the power of inspection in the State authorities instead of in municipal authorities.

The producers took the ground that at considerable pains and expense they had complied with the requirements of the Richmond Health Department, and that now it would be injudicious to invite a throwing down of the barriers. In a word, they do not think it fair, at this late day, for those who have steadily refused to observe the existing ordinances, to be allowed to come into competition with them. If the Throckmorton bill is passed, they believe the market will be flooded with inferior grades of milk.

As matters are at present, the suburbs which do not enjoy the benefits of such rigid laws as those pertaining to Richmond are inundated with milk of a doubtful character. Many of the carts excluded from this city go to Ginter Park, Chestnut Hill and Barton Heights.

There is a movement among the Ginter Park people to secure from the supervisors some action that will prevent the sale of milk not coming up to the Richmond standard. The matter will be discussed at the next meeting of the Ginter Park Citizens' Association. Other communities in Henrico may follow this example.

The Sanitation Committee of the Chamber of Commerce will hold a special session at 5 o'clock this afternoon to take action against the Throckmorton bill.

Tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock the House Committee on Agriculture and Mining will begin the consideration of Mr. Throckmorton's measure.

QUARLES' DEATH WAS ACCIDENT

IN SUIT FOR PAYMENT OF INSURANCE MRS. MANN QUARLES SO DECLARES.

RICHMOND, VA.—Special.—That Mann S. Quarles, who at the time of his death last July was supposed to be the victim of organic disease, came to his end by violence, is the declaration alleged in a suit for the payment of an accident insurance policy, filed Tuesday afternoon in the United States District Court by his widow, Mrs. Ann H. Quarles.

The declaration alleges that although Mr. Quarles was insured under an accident policy in the Aetna Life Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn., and had violated no terms of his contract, the company had refused to make a settlement.

Mr. Quarles died last summer, presumably of Bright's disease. The public at that time generally believed death to have been a natural one, and the statement made to the press at that time made no reference to violence. Mr. Quarles was a guest of the Mecklenburg Hotel at the time of its destruction by fire last summer, but it is not thought that that disaster was responsible in any way for his death. A heavy fall is given by rumor as the means by which he met his death.

The contract of insurance, which is known as the "combination accident accumulative annual income gold bond policy," was issued May 4, 1903, and it is alleged that under its terms the beneficiary, in consideration of a payment of $50 annually by the insured, should have received at his death, if by accidental means, the face value of the policy.

In addition to the face value of $10,000, the policy, upon each annual renewal, if the premium is paid in advance, increases 10 per cent., until the company's responsibility for the risk becomes $15,000. The declaration states that Mr. Quarles in his lifetime paid six such annual renewals and "that the contract was in full force when he was killed on July 24, 1909." The plaintiff alleges that sufficient proof of the causes of death was submitted to the company on August 4, 1909, and that since that time the company has failed to make any settlement.

The company will file its answer next Monday. In the meanwhile the reasons for non-payment, if Mr. Quarles met his death by an accident, cannot be ascertained.

Globe Sights.

A policeman becomes a statesman after he is elected.

Every man's idea of reform is to fix things to suit himself.

We hate the tariff so much that a smuggler never seems like a very great sinner.

We don't accomplish much, but try to keep ahead of the special sessions in that respect.

A young man may be as silly as a young woman, but he never has a diary to show it.

If a woman hasn't any faith in a man, it is good evidence that at one time she had too much.

When a man looks back and sees that temptation is no longer pursuing him, he turns around and begins to pursue it.

Speaking of heirlooms, relics, and the like, the record probably belongs to some of the chestnuts which pass as family jokes.

There is an insurgent in nearly every home, and intimate association therewith should make you sympathize a little with Mr. Taft.

We notice by the advertisements that every woman can save some drunkard, but this doesn't warrant her in marrying a drunkard just to prove it.

Occasionally a voice is raised against the bill boards showing abbreviated skirts. If we were a reformer, we would protest against the drug store window displays of rubber goods.

The real Indian never shows up as well as the lithographs in the den. And, lest we be accused of race prejudice, we may as well admit that the same rule applies to real white men, as compared with the young athletes in the clothing advertisements.

SMALL BOY STOLE LOAF OF BREAD

But Instead of Being Sent to Jail Was Helped by Court—Had No Food At Home.

RICHMOND, VA.—Special.—As a result of the arrest of fourteen-year-old Hunter Ingram for the theft of a five-cent loaf of bread from an outside grocer's bread box on North Eighteenth Street, between Broad and Marshall streets, Wednesday, a story about as pitiful and deplorable as could well be conceived was brought to light in the Police Court.

In speaking of the case, Justice Crutchfield said:

"This is absolutely the worst case of the kind that has been brought to my attention."

As Officers R. B. Jordan and W. A. Toot were going their rounds Wednesday morning about 4:30 o'clock, they noticed a figure emerge from the darkness, and with a hurried glance over his shoulder, creep up to the bread box and raise the lid.

The lad, for it was he, put one hand into the box, and, withdrawing it, gripped a loaf of bread. The little fellow retraced his steps, and while Officer Jordan followed in his wake, Officer Toot hurried over to the box and peered in. There, lying unmolested, were a number of other loaves.

The boy was shabbily dressed, and this, coupled with the fact that only one loaf was taken, soon convinced the minions of the law that there was a story behind the incident. They determined to investigate.

The boy went to 401 North Eighteenth Street, followed by the officers, and disappeared. Officer Jordan rapped on the door and was admitted by the same lad they had been following. Much as they would have preferred to drop the case, as sworn officers of the law, they had to do their duty. He was placed under arrest and locked up.

In Police Court he faced Justice John. Standing beside him was his mother, Mrs. Mary Ingram, a widow, possibly forty or forty-five years old.

Justice John asked H. M. Smith and Gilbert Pollock to represent the accused and Commonwealth's Attorney Minitree E. Folkes to act for the Commonwealth.

The lad testified that he took the loaf of bread because there was not a crumb to eat at home. It developed that the family was actually suffering for the want of food.

According to the boy, he was sent by his mother in the morning early to keep an appointment with a party who promised to let him have 75 cents. The party failed to keep the appointment, and the lad, becoming desperate, stole the loaf of bread.

It was brought out in court this morning that the family has had nothing to eat for several days, nor fuel with which to make a fire.

Officers Jordan testified in court that there was no fire in the house when he arrested the boy and that the rooms presented a bare appearance. Window panes were out in many places, and in their stead had been stuffed old clothing. The house in which Mrs. Ingram and her offspring live is said to be a tottering, dilapidated, rambling structure, and unsafe even for tenancy.

For months at a time, owing to illness, the mother has been dependent upon what few cents the son earned. She has taken in washing, when her health permitted, while she has been given work at the Associated Charities. Both the mother and son, however, have been unable to find anything to do for sometime.

When Justice Crutchfield was satisfied that the woman was destitute and lacking the necessities to sustain life, he suggested that a subscription be taken, heading the list himself. Hats were passed around the court room and everyone contributed something, several dropping in bills of various denominations. Upwards of $15 was quickly raised, which was turned over to Mrs. Ingram.

W. R. Davenport, a county officer, who lives at 2823 Nine Mile Road, stepped forward and proffered Mrs. Ingram the use, free of charge, of two rooms in his home. Mr. Davenport, as well as Captain Theo. Fowler, of the Salvation Army, have interested themselves in the case, and will do what they can to alleviate the family's sufferings.

WAS DEFENDING MISS HESLER

Paymaster Auld Tells Why He Assaulted Dr. Cowles at Miss Ames' Hop.

BOSTON, MASS.—Special.—The large room at the Charlestown navy yard, where the court-martial of Geo. P. Auld is going on, was crowded to the doors when the hearing was resumed. All of the "navy women" who could leave their domestic duties were on hand early to get the best seats available.

Miss Margaret Ames, friend of Miss Dorothy Hesler, the cause of all the trouble between Auld, Surgeon Robbett and Dr. E. S. Cowles, that culminated in an assault on the latter, was the first witness. It was from the hop at the Ames House that Dr. Cowles was ordered by his foes preceding the assault, and Miss Ames was his hostess.

Major Catlin, judge advocate, questioned Miss Ames as to her previous testimony. She was a disappointment to the crowd that expected a sensation.

"In reading over your testimony, Miss Ames, I find that you said on that on the night of the dance Paymaster Auld was not himself. What did you mean by that?"

"I meant that he was fearfully agitated, nervous, excited."

"You did not mean to insinuate that he was under the influence of liquor."

"No, sir."

Major Leonard then took the witness.

"By your answer do you mean to infer to the court that the accused was laboring under a wrong or fancied wrong on the night of the dance?"

"No. I knew that he was agitated and nervous. It was quite evident."

"But do you know what was the cause of that state?"

"Must I answer that?"

Major Catlin offered objection to further questions along that line.

"Now the witness does not have to answer that by an explanation," said Major Leonard. "If she does not know—"

"But I do know what it was," interrupted Miss Ames. "It was—"

Major Catlin bent over, interrupted the witness and whispered to Major Leonard. Then the judge advocate said:

"Counsel for the defense will withdraw that question."

"I don't want to make it appear that I was not willing to have the statement made," said Major Leonard.

"Suppose you say, then, that the question be changed to make it more pertinent to the matter of inquiry" suggested Major Catlin.

Major Leonard then asked the witness: "Was any incident connected with Dr. and Mrs. Cowles the exciting cause of the agitation?"

"No."

The witness was then excused and the crowd in the court room leaned forward breathlessly waiting for Miss Ames to finish her statement settled back disappointed.

Boyd Seabury, a Harvard law school student, was the next witness. Major Leonard examined him as to a discussion of Dr. Cowles at Admiral Swift's house upon the Tuesday afternoon preceding the dance. He said it was unfavorable to Cowles. Paymaster Auld was present. Miss Virginia Swift, daughter of Admiral Swift, was recalled to verify her testimony of yesterday. She caused a smile of approval from the members of the court by promptly acknowledging that the typewritten report of her evidence was absolutely correct. She had no amendment to offer to her testimony.

Captain Helm cautioned her against commenting upon the case with anybody until the trial should be finished. She was then excused.

Paymaster Auld was called to testify in his own defense.

"Were you at a tea party at Miss Swift's on the Tuesday prior to the dance of December 11th?"

"Yes."

"Was the name of Dr. Cowles discussed?"

"There was considerable talk about Dr. Cowles."

"Tell the court what came to your ears."

"Dr. Cowles' name was brought up on account ow what Dr. Cowles had been subjecting this young lady to."

"Were you present at the dance?"

"I was."

"The first time I saw Dr. Cowles was on the night of the dance of November 27th. It was brought to my attention that Dr. Cowles was paying certain attentions to this young girl."

"Who was this young girl?"

"Miss Dorothy Hesler."

"What was the incident that occurred on the night of December 27th that caused you to know who Dr. Cowles was?"

"I was dancing with Miss Swift. I had taken a dance away from someone whom Miss Swift said she didn't want particularly to dance with. That man was Dr. Cowles. That night I talked with Miss Ames. The talk was general about Dr. Cowles."

"How about the dance of December 11th?"

"I was treasurer and a member of the Hop Committee. Miss Swift, Miss Ames and myself talked of withdrawing Dr. Cowles' invitation, but nothing definite was arrived at. On the night of December 11th, in the dance hall, I went up to Dr. Cowles with Dr. Robbett. I wanted to have a witness at the time. I told him that Dr. Robbett and myself did not wish his presence at any more navy-yard hops. He asked for reasons. I said, 'I have none to give you.' Later I sought him to withdraw the name of Miss Ames. He was very provoking, used the words 'coward' and 'cur' and others of a similar nature a number of times. I saw he was trying to provoke me and kept trying to get away. Finally we got outside the dressing room and in the hallway. This sort of thing continued, I backing away and he trying to provoke me. Mrs. Cowles entered at this time and said something."

"To whom?"

"To me. I said: 'I am very sorry, Mrs. Cowles, that you have been dragged into this thing. I was dealing with Dr. Cowles. I am very sorry that you had to come into it.' She said that whatever affected her husband affected herself. Finally I said, 'I will have to be excused.' I had a dance engagement upstairs."

"I started away, but Dr. Cowles called to me, 'You are a contemptible cur.' I turned around again and said to Dr. Cowles, 'What in hell do you mean by that?' I grabbed him by the shoulders. I wrestled with him. I did not strike him. I did not hit him from the back. I threw him on his back. I was on top. I got up, brushed off my trousers and walked off."

"How many times did you hear the word 'cur?'"

"Twice."

"Did you consider that provocation enough to strike the doctor?"

"In endeavored to refrain from hitting him. I tried to get away, but, knowing what I did about him, I couldn't stand it any longer."

Major Catlin cross-examined the paymaster.

"Did Miss Hesler ever ask you to exclude Dr. Cowles from the dance?"

"I think not."

"Did she ever ask you to protect her from his attentions?"

"No."

"Did Miss Hesler ever complain to you of the conduct of Dr. Cowles toward her?"

"I had a conversation with her about it. She was very much distressed over his conduct towards her."

(By the court): "Why did you not seek to have another member, or members, of the door or hop committee join you in asking Dr. Cowles to leave the hall?"

"My whole idea was to avoid publicity in the thing."

MONROE KIDD, MURDERER, CAPTURED IN ROANOKE

LYNCHBURG, VA.—Special.—Monroe Kidd, the negro who shot and killed Shakespeare Goode, also colored, in a dance hall Monday night, was captured last night in Roanoke and he will be brought here at 2 o'clock, two officers having gone to Roanoke this morning to bring him back.

Finding a Way.

"How do you get your hair arranged so beautifully?" asks the admiring friend.

"I'll tell you," candidly answers the owner of the many switches, braids, puffs, ringlets, etc. "Every maid I had simply wore herself out with the heavy work of dressing my hair, until last sumer I found a sturdy Swedish girl pitching hay on a farm near our cottage. I engaged her at once."—Life.

Or Move to Philadelphia.

"Dingley is awfully out of sorts since the administration turned him down."

"What does he say about it?"

"He says he wishes the waters of oblivion could roll over him."

"Then why doesn't he run for Vice-President?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Good Idea.

"I wish we could return to the way of the good old times with these grouchy fellows who are always criticising other people."

"What way was that?"

"In the old times, you know, they hung up knockers."—Baltimore American.

BROWDER MINE HORROR CLAIMS 33

Pitiable Scenes Around Shafts as Widows and Orphans Vainly Look for Loved Ones.

DRAKESBORO, KY.—Special.—The Browder mine horror grew hourly while frenzied efforts were being made to remove the bodies of the miners who perished Tuesday when a terrible explosion of gas occurred in the east entry.

The mine officials at 1 A. M. gave out the following summary of the casualties: Dead, 33; missing, 1; dying, 1; injured, 6. They also stated that the disaster was caused by a track repair train going into a gas-filled room with an uncovered lamp.

Some of the survivors say that sixty men were trapped when the blast shattered the walls of the entry. State Mine Inspector C. J. Norwood arrived here this morning and immediately took charge of the rescue work, which went on as well as possible in the gas-filled mine. When he arrived only sixteen bodies had been taken out and many of these were unrecognizable. These had apparently been directly at the point of the blast, as the limbs of many had been torn off and the trunks shattered by the force of the explosion.

The mouth of the mine was surrounded by a throng of angry men and women when Norwood reached the scene. The work of rescue had been greatly hampered by the fact that no adequate provision had been made by the State for rescue work. Norwood soon restored order, however, appointing several deputies and forcing the crowd back.

Under his direction the rescuers, working in relays, penetrated some distance into the mine. It was found to be filled with gas, and the work was retarded further when the fans ceased to work. They were soon repaired, however, and the hopeless task of hunting for the bodies was renewed.

Not even the most optimistic had any hope that any of the men trapped yesterday could have survived.

WEEKLY SHORT STORY

TUNE'S CHERRY TREE.

From his schoolboy days, when his short, brown legs ran other people's errands when his slate pencil and books, the cookies in his dinner pail and his pocket hoard of marbles, strings and jack-knife were at the disposal of his companions, down to old age, when his house, his money and his heart were expended on the worthy and unworthy alike, Tunis was everybody's friend. His halting speech and shy manner seemed always limited to the one expression of his inward impulse toward all mankind—a general and undiscriminating formula of hospitality. To stop him in the street and exchange a few words with him was to be asked to a meal at parting, while to do him a favor was to be pressed to spend a week. He would hardly give you time to finish your business before his eye would wander in inward speculation and his face brighten at the thought of something to offer from basket or store.

"The pears are ripe," he would break in, gently, or, "I guess the melons are about good now; come up tonight and try 'em."

Often nothing but his own irresistible hospitality tempted him to reckless invitations, scattered far and wide along his daily path. Like all people with that superabundant virtue, he was a sore trial to his family and friends, when, as often happened, the burden of his miscellaneous entertainment fell upon them. While his mother lived, she bore with him in her plaintive, indulgent way, and his only serious fault in her eyes was his obstinate resistence to every matrimonial plan she could concoct for him. During the long bachelor years succeeding her death, black Jane tided him over the difficulties that were ever arising from forgotten or unexpected guests.

The only woman he had ever wanted to marry had never suspected his desires, nor, indeed, did he do so himself until she had united her fortunes to those of his next-door neighbor. She had so dominated his life from the time they wore pinafores together and sat at the same desk, had so commanded his time and affection in loyal affection, that she became to him a natural part of himself. He came and went, fetched and carried at her arbitrary bidding, with unconscious and patient obedience. When she married, he awoke to his loss; but his way of bearing it was characteristic of his simple, self-devoted nature. He never by word or deed betrayed his feelings toward her, but kept on his course as her devoted slave and friendly providence. Her husband, who was a sea-captain, had a kindly, half-contemptuous regard for him. Sometimes he would say, nonchalantly, as his wife's grateful mention of those daily services: "Oh, yes, Tune's a good fellow—a little soft in the horn, but a blamed good fellow, you know!"

No one knew as she did during the years that followed just how much of a "blamed good fellow" Tunis Van Brunt could be. Every morning during her husband's long absences the lanky figure would appear in her doorway with a cheery, "Well, Esther, what's up today? Any errand down town?" He was mail carrier, business man, general manager and burden-bearer; and when the children came, he constituted himself nurse, also. His sandy-haired, pink-faced and white eyebrowed exterior was not beautiful, but it carried with it strength and help and good cheer to the little household next door, and often in delicately concealed ways little streams of refreshment from his affluence found their way into the frugal fields where had been transplanted his one flower of all the world. The blossom opened for another, but his were the hidden streams that watered its roots. The harvest is not always to him who cultivates the seed.

In time the adored Esther's imperious ways toward her faithful friend softened into an attitude of half-tolerant, excusing protection. But not infrequently the old childish impatience would flare up and scorch him. Of all seasons when he was most in need of a guardian to defend him from his vice of hospitality, the most important was cherry time. On the crest of a wide-sweeping lawn stood the joy and pride of his horticultural collection, his cherry tree. No child in the town had been more carefully nursed and coddled, and its spreading branches each year yielded rich returns. So devoted had he been to its welfare and growth, winter and summer, that his curious attachment became a byword among his friends, each of whom tried in turn some little pointless pleasantry.

"I guess Tune's got a treasure buried under his cherry tree," said one, with a patent wink at Esther, who stood eating ripe cherries, her baby on her arm, as Tunis tossed them down.

"I have, indeed," was Tune's grave answer; "and there's nobody but me and the tree going to know what it is, either."

"It's one of Tune's mild insanities," said Esther, as she released a red bunch from the child's clutch.

One day, just at dusk, Tunis appeared on the next-door threshold with a distraught expression which was clear evidence of some new impudence of hospitality.

"Got any cookies, Esther?" he said, deprecatingly as he removed his hat and rubbed his red locks in a fever of perplexity—"or anything else handy to eat? And, say, can't you send the boys over quick, to pick cherries?"

"Why, Tune, what ails you? No one could pick cherries now; it's too dark, and they'd look crazy enough up the trees with a lantern! What kind of a mess have you got yourself into? Company again, I s'pose, and you forgot you asked 'em!"

"Well," said Tune, "it looks a little like that. I seem to remember that as I went down town this morning I said to several people that my cherries were ripe. 'Come up tonight,' I said, 'and help yourselves.' I must have said it twenty times, for there sit twenty people over to our house waiting to help themselves! Now, I say, Esther," he added beseechingly, as he observed the severity in her face, "you know as well as I do that twenty people can't get into one cherry tree. I'll have to pacify 'em with something else, and Jane can't find a thing in the house."

The latter half of this speech was delivered to Esther's irate back, as they walked in a procession of two around to the outside cellar-door, the entrance to a base of supplies that never failed poor Tunis in his extremity. When they issued from the dark depths, he was clasping tightly to his heart a big stone crock heaped with cookies, and Esther, as sue reflected on her wasted morning's work, flung after him a parting shaft.

"Heaven only knows, Tune Van Brunt, what ever will become of you when I'm dead!"

The man stood stock-still, with a sudden shock that nearly finished the crock on the stone wall, and looked after her receding figure with a frightened expression in his eyes.

"Heaven only knows," he said, with a sigh which was almost a sob, "what I could do!"

So the summers came to Tunis and his cherry tree, tarried briefly and slipped away, until one day they found themselves old and quite ready to be cut down. The man lived his life backward now in dreams of long-gone Junes, and the tree had forgotten how to blossom and bear save in a feeble reflective way that was like a memory. Tunis would go out and stand under its drooping leaves and fancy himself once more a schoolboy, hand in hand with Esther, that happy day when she brought him a bunch of exhearts in her little dirty pocket. Once more he tasted the luscious sweetness of the dark fruit flavored with her childish love and the grit from her pocket treasures; once more he hoarded the pits and stole out at dusk to plant them in his own garden plot; and again he watched with daily recurring joy the little sprig of green that grew at last to a tall tree, to become for him the secret commemoration of a life-long affection.

The noisy voices of Esther's children would sometimes break into the old man's revery, their cries and laughter, and their mother's tones calling them home. Again, the tall sons and daughters came back from school and college, where Uncle Tune's generosity had sent them; and once more in memory's panorama they married or passed away into the engulfing mists of the greater world. Again, they returned for brief stays, or to invoke the ever-ready help of their next-door almoner.

But the times that stood out as happiest of all in those visions were the last years, when he had Esther to himself. Quite alone and widowed, she seemed to go back with him to the companionship of their school days. Together the two children resumed the closest of boy and girl relations, entertained in common unexpected guests, or ate the few cherries that came each year on the drying branches of the old tree, and sat through the long winter evenings talking of the children who went their ways on distant paths of divergence. Then Esther died.

Poor old Tunis wavered along for a time, in a purposeless, lost way, repeating vaguely the echo of his old plaint: "Heaven only knows—heaven only knows what I'm to do!"

But his tottering mind held on to one idea out of the wreck and chaos. One day he had the old cherry tree cut down and sawed into planks, as well as its rotting trunk would permit. Out of it was saved enough for his purpose, however; and, to the amazement of Esther's children, when they came soon after to close his dying eyes, they found themselves enjoined to lay him away in a cherry-wood coffin already provided.

"Poor Uncle Tune!" they said, pityingly. "He quite lost his mind after mother died!"—*Annie E. P. Searing, in New England Magazine.*

SEVENTY SIX DEAD AT PRIMERO

Cigarette, Being Smoked by Miner, Supposed to Have Caused Terrible Explosion.

PRIMERO, COLO.—Special.—A cigarette cost the lives of the seventy-six men who perished in the explosion in the mine of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company's mine here, it is believed today. The investigation now on is expected to disclose the fact that a miner who smuggled in a match and lighted a cigarette with it was responsible for the horror. Half a hundred crumpled and charred human forms are lying in rows in the machine shop of the mine today, each tagged at the ankle with a slip of paper to show the identity that the marred features fail to reveal. Some of the bodies are headless, others armless and still more are crushed out of all semblance to humanity. Twenty-six more are believed to be lying similarly mutilated at the bottom of the shaft. There may be more concealed behind the earthen barricades, but they cannot possibly be alive.

The explosion swept the long galleries leading into the mountain side like a great ball of fire and whirled away all but one of the lives in its path. Dianado Vingen, the youthful miner, who saved his life by thrusting his face in his dinner pail when the deadly gas swept over him, and then, half unconscious, fought his way to the surface, is the only one thing that looked on the disaster and lived. Women, clasping infants or with tots playing about their feet, stood in a pathetic line near the entrance to the shaft all night long, hoping against hope that some such miracle as that of the Cherry Hill disaster could restore their dead to them.

When dawn broke this line of waiting women patiently moved back behind ropes stretched to keep them from retarding the work of recovering the dead. Their grief is too intense for tears. They merely stand silently and wait.

BOY SHOOTS HIMSELF AFTER LOVERS' QUARREL

NEW YORK.—Special.—Because his fifteen- year-old sweetheart talked to him Sunday afternoon in an unsweetheart-like manner, Edward Gesser, a clerk, also fifteen, of 710 Hoboken Street, North Bergen, N. J., is dying at the North Hudson Hospital, that place, with a bullet hole through his body.

Nearly two years ago Gesser went to a youngster's party in Jersey City and there met pretty Elizabeth Cornelius, of 1064 Summit Avenue, that place. Edward chose her as his partner in the dances and she had more letters at "postoffice" for him than for anybody else. After that the courtship progressed rapidly.

Sunday afternoon Edward called on Elizabeth, and, as was their wont, they went walking. During the stroll Elizabeth decided she wanted to call on a chum and said it would be nice for Edward to call with her. But Edward had come a long ways to visit Elizabeth and have her all to himself for one whole afternoon and he was not willing to share her society with anybody. They quarrelled and parted.

Edward went home and all night he brooded over his troubles. Monday afternoon he took a revolver and went to the corner of Hoboken Street and Grand Avenue, four blocks from his home, to shoot himself. There was nobody around and he shot in the air twice to attract attention. Otto Lauber heard the shots and ran to investigate.

Just as he came in view he saw young Gesser put the muzzle of the pistol to his left breast and fire a third time. Gesser fell and Lauber carried him to a store, whence a call was sent for the North Hudson Hospital ambulance. Surgeons found the bullet had based all the way through his body just below the heart and had lodged behind the skin in the back. They say Edward cannot recover.

He told the surgeons his sweetheart should not be held accountable for his act, as he had started the quarrel.

BOYS OF 7 BREAK INTO STORE TO STEAL JAM

NEW YORK.—Special.—Tony Trochan, aged seven, of 195 Grand Street, Jersey City, has an appetite for jam that has caused him all sorts of trouble at home, and Sunday it led him into the toils of the police.

Tony's chum, a boy neighbor, heard him tell about preserved strawberries, raspberries and marmalade until he could withstand temptation no longer, and the two planned an early morning visit yesterday to a store at 8 Bergmark Avenue. They sneaked out of bed at 2 A. M. forced the front door of the store with an iron bar and were preparing when Tony's arms gave away under the load of jars he was carrying and there was a crash. Policeman Dundon heard it, and rushed around the corner. The other boy had started to run, and he slipped between the policeman's legs and got away, but Tony was captured.

Dundon took him to the City Hall Station, and then to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Tony remained there until 3 P. M., when he opened a window on the second floor and jumped to the ground. Then he scaled a fence and disappeared. Dundon joined him again last night, though, hiding under his bed at home. His mother pleaded with Captain Murphy and upon her promise to have Tony in court this morning he was permitted to remain at home.

Tony's chum did not go home, and the police could find no trace of him.

MORGAN TREAT MAY HAVE TO PAY $328

NEWPORT NEWS, Va.—Special.—The jury in the Circuit Court of Elizabeth City county has returned a verdict in the celebrated "pickpocket" case that will cost United States Marshal Morgan Treat the sum of $328.

When the Atlantic fleet returned to Hampton Roads waters from its celebrated round-the-world trip thousands of people gathered to welcome the sailors. A large representation of the light-fingered gentry also gathered to aid in the celebration. Three men—Shapiro, Sherman and Simon—were arrested on a charge of picking pockets, but were acquitted.

A package containing, it is alleged, $700, was taken from them at the time of their arrest. Mr. Treat, the United States Marshal, to whom the men were turned over by Sheriff R. K. Curtis, of Elizabeth City county, testified that the package contained only $371.80 when it reached his hands.